

*of Henrie the fourth.*

*H. t.* That roane shall be my throne. Wel, I will backe him  
straight: O Esperance, bid Butler lead him forth into the parke,

*La.* But heare you my Lord.

*Hot.* What saist thou my Lady?

*La.* What is it carries you away?

*Hot.* Why, my horse (my loue) my horse.

*La.* Out you madheaded ape, a weazel hath not such a deale  
of spleene as you are toft with. In faith ile knowe your businesse  
Harry that I will, I feare my brother Mortimer doth stir about  
his title, and hath sent for you to line his enterprife, but if you go.

*Hot.* So far a foot I shall be weary loue.

*La.* Come, come you Paraquito, answere me directly vnto  
this question that I aske, in faith ile breake thy little finger Har-  
ry and if thou wilt not tel me all things true.

*Hot.* Away, away you trisler, loue, I loue thee not,  
I care not for thee Kate, this is no world

To play with mamnets, and to tile with lips,  
We must haue bloody noses, and crackt crownes,  
And passe them currant too: gods me my horse:  
What saist thou Kate? what wouldst thou haue with me?

*La.* Do you not loue me? do you not indeed?  
Wel, do not then, for since you loue me not  
I will not loue my selfe. Do you not loue me?  
Nay tel me if you speake in iest or no?

*Hot.* Come, wilt thou see me ride?  
And when I am a horsebacke I will sweare  
I loue thee infinitely. But harke you Kate,  
I must not haue you henceforth question me  
Whither I go, nor reason where about,  
Whither I must, I must, and to conclude  
This euening must I leaue you gentle Kate,  
I know you wise, but yet no farther wise  
Then Harry Percies wife, constant you are,  
But yet a woman, and for secrecy  
No Lady closer, for I well beleue  
Thou wilt not vtter what thou dost not know,  
And so far wil I trust thee gentle Kate.

*La.* How, so far.

*Hot.*

*The Hist.*

*Hot.* Not an inch further, but ha  
Whither I go, thither shall you go to  
To day will I set forth, to morrow y  
Will this content you Kate?

*La.* It must of force.

*Enter Prince an*

*Prin.* Ned, preethe come out of  
thy hand to laugh a little.

*Poi.* Where hast bin Hal?

*Prin.* With three or foure logges  
fourescore hogshedes. I haue fou  
humilitie. Sirrha, I am sworne brot  
can call them all by their christen n  
Francis, they take it already vpon th  
be but prince of Wales, yet I am the  
fladly I am no proud lacke like Fal  
of metall, a good boy (by the Lorc  
am king of England I shall comma  
cheape. They call drinking deepe  
breath in your watering they cry h  
To conclude, I am so good a profic  
that I can drinke with any Tinker i  
my life. I tell thee Ned thou hast l  
wert not with me in this action; b  
which name of Ned, I giue thee th  
uen now into my hand by an vnder  
other English in his life then eight  
you are welcome, with this shrill ac  
pint of bastard in the halfe moone,  
waie the time till Falstaffe come:  
some by-roome, while I question n  
he gaue me the sugar, and do thou  
that his tale to me may bee nothing  
shew thee a present.

*Po.* Frances.

*Prin.* T

*Prin.* Frances.

*Fran.* Anon, anon sir. Look  
Ralph.